

OLD

MOTHER

HUBBORD









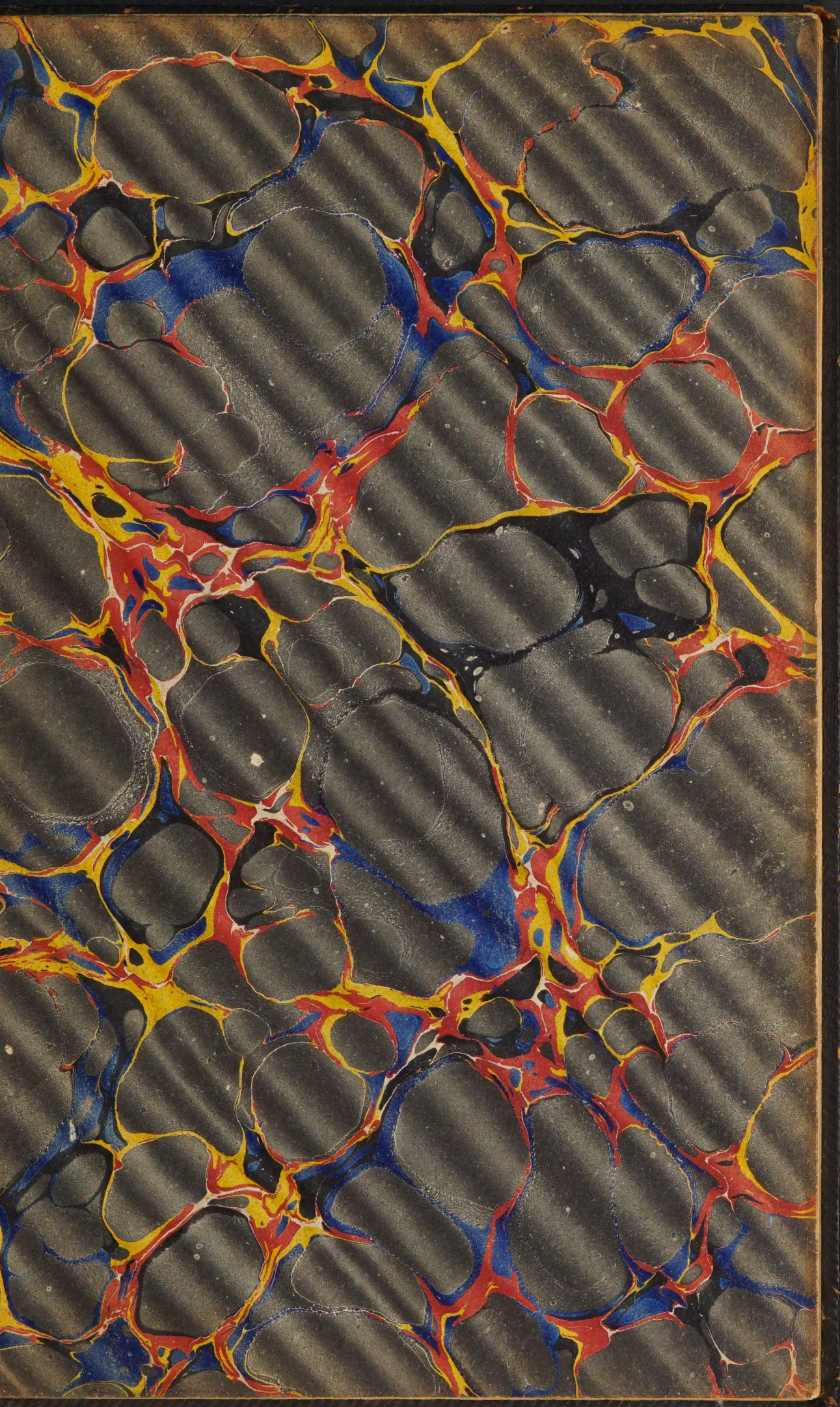




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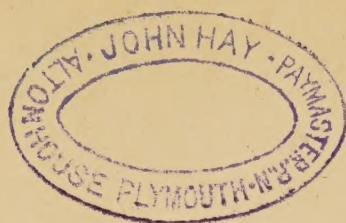
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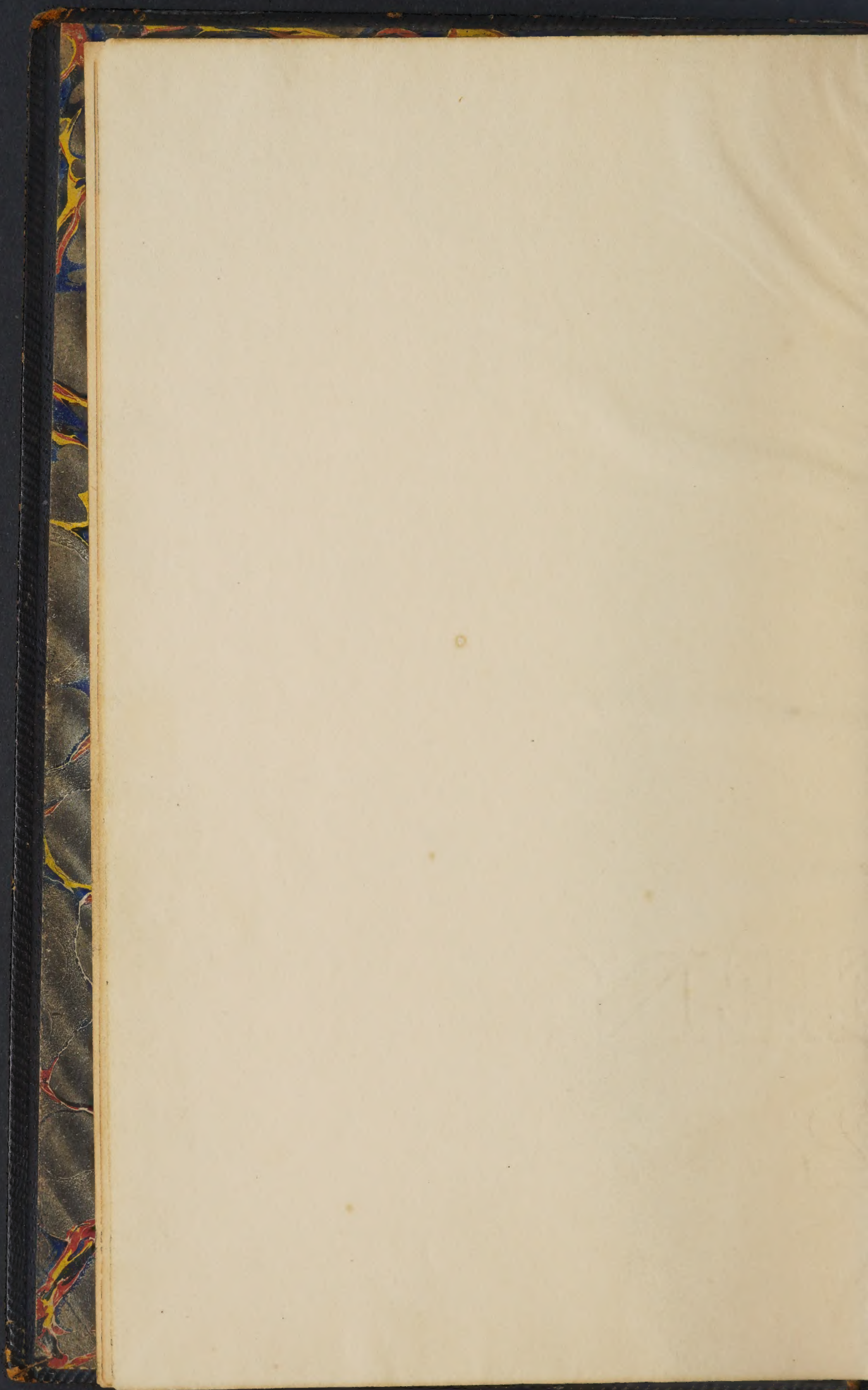


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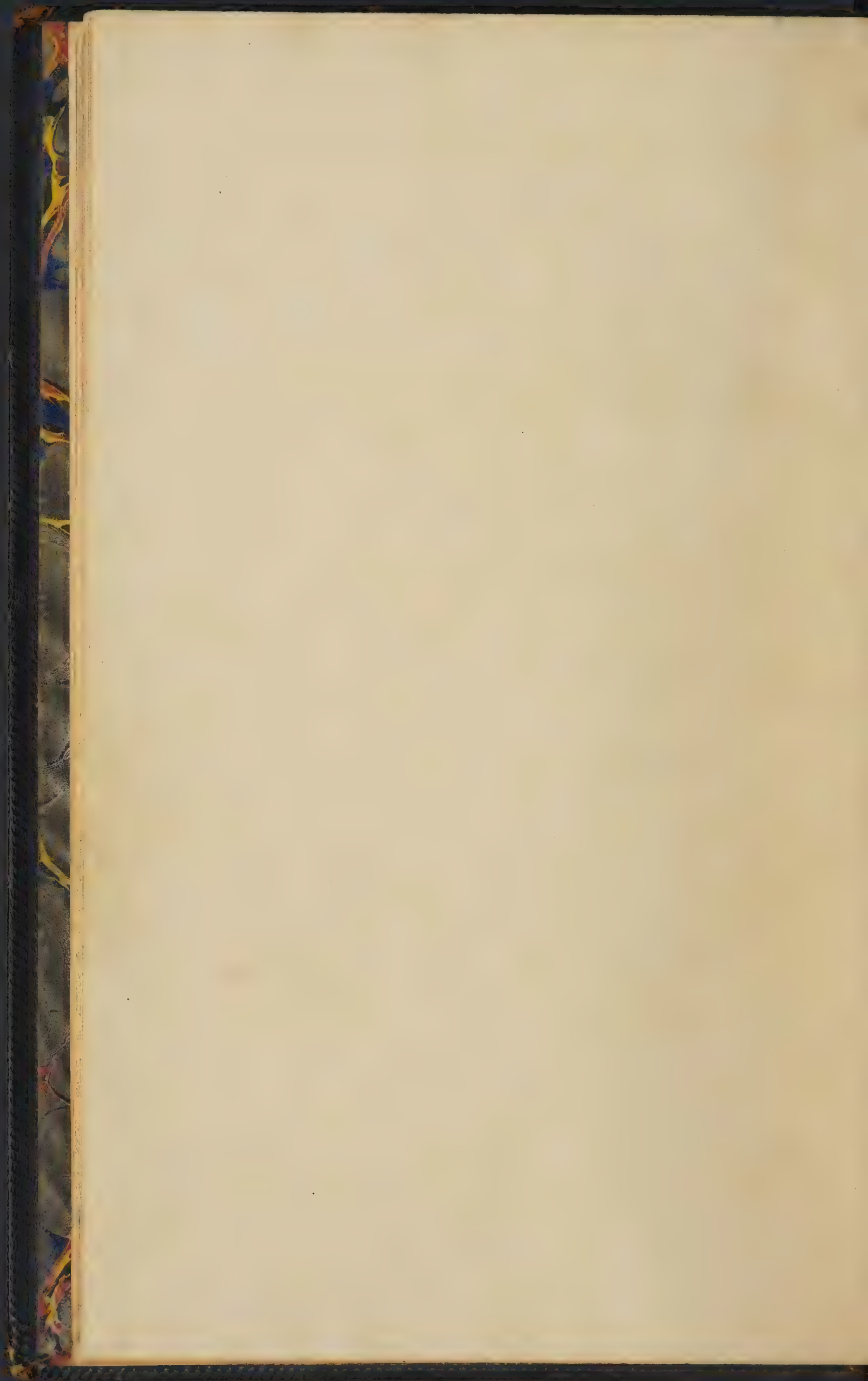














CRITICA NOVAZEALANDICA FUTURA.

A

NOTABLE AND RIGHT MARVELLOUS EDITION

OF THE

MELODRAME

OF

OLD MOTHER HUBBORD,

FORESEEN IN THE VISTA OF FUTURITY

BY THE

TELESCOPIC ART OF THAT MOST ERUDITE DOCTOR

ALFRAGANUS TRISMEGISTUS.

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TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTRY OF NEW-ZEALAND

A.D. 3211,

AND NOW PRÆ-BROUGHT-FORTH FOR THE EDIFICATION

OF THE

*ENGLISH READER.*

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THE BRITISH ANTEPRINT.

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W. P. GRANT.

AND CHAPMAN AND HALL, STRAND, LONDON.

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MDCCCXXXVII.



THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AND

OF THE



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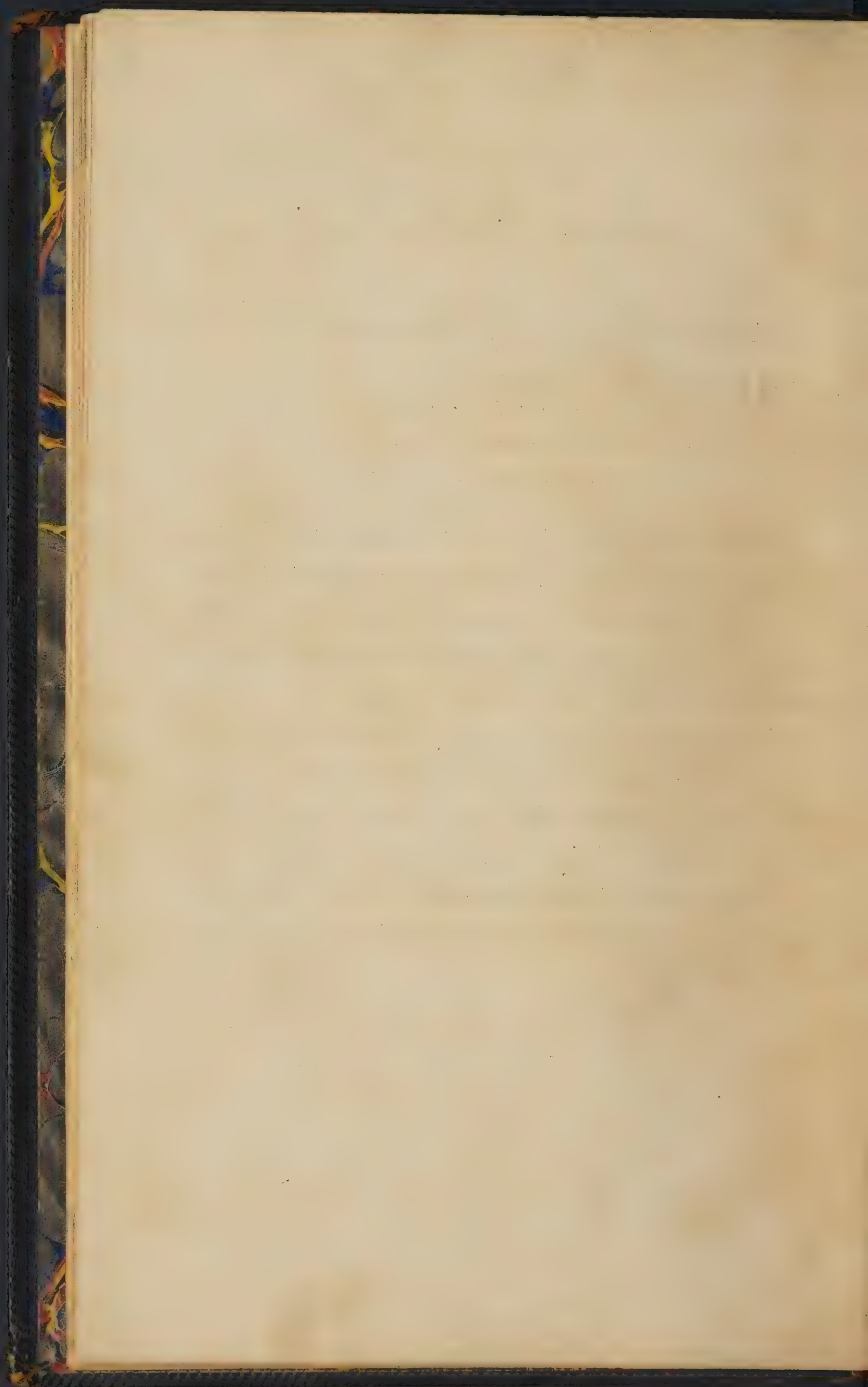
TO THE

ENGLISH READER.

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Let no impertinent investigator dare to enquire how this truly wonderful Book was revealed by the Stars unto the eyes of their devoted slave. Remember, Reader, that the revelations of the shining denizens of those blue depths, which thy vision vainly attempts to pierce, are all too high and glorious for thine uninitiated comprehension. To thine unskilful optics they may seem silently and coldly to pursue their destined course without sign or change: but unto the eye of the Astrologer their every motion has a meaning,—their very silence has a voice.







THE MELODRAME  
OF  
OLD MOTHER HUBBORD  
AND HER  
DOGGIE.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM  
AND WITH  
THE RECENSION AND ANNOTATIONS  
OF  
BUSBI FUZWISKA.

---

A NEW EDITION, REplete WITH CORRECTIONS AND  
EMENDATIONS.

---

E'HOKIANGA  
EAHEINOMAUWE.

A. D. 3211.



To that most learned Man,  
BILITINKA,  
Professor of English in the University of  
KILCOCKOTRONI,

This Opuscle is most reverently dedicated.  
To whom is such an honour more due, than to  
The Instructor of our Youth,  
The Bulwark of our Literature,  
The Discoverer of the Thimbolon,  
The Editor of Tom Thumb!

But we forbear to add a mole-hill to a mountain's fame:

Remembering  
That the language of men  
Is but mute to applaud, while it is eloquent to revile.



PROLEGOMENA  
TO THE  
MELODRAME  
OF  
OLD MOTHER HUBBORD.

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CHAP. I.

Wherein Fuzwiska expoundeth the design of his commentary: enquireth into the date of the piece, and the probable author thereof: and speculateth upon its intention, adding Bugaboo's opinion.

1. Although former Editors have reaped great honour and reputation by toiling in the difficult field of criticism which this Melodrame presenteth, by plucking out sundry diabolical tares, (that is, false readings,) and by casting upon it a rich manure, or, in other words, luminous explanation; yet hath much been of necessity left unto a future Editor. Even should not my genius in criticism be equal to that of a BITADONKI, a BUGABOO, or a BILITINKA, yet do I flatter myself, that by bringing together the principal notes of former commentators, and by collating and comparing British authors, sign-boards, and coins, I may assist in throwing still greater light upon, and discovering still newer beauties in this inimitable production of antiquity. It cannot, indeed, be expected that I should, in the compass of so small a work as the present, exhibit the whole result of the labours of former critics (for that would fill many volumes), but I may not be deemed impertinent or immodest if I affirm that, in my private and impartial opinion, my book is the best production of the kind that New Zealand

hath beheld, since she was fished up (according to the exquisite legend of our ancestors) from the profundities of the deep. It may, peradventure, be cause of marvel unto many, that I have inserted such a paucity of notes in this libell; but I do reply by affirming that Necessity was my directress; and as Æschylus saith (Prom. Vinct. 524)

Τίς οὖν ἀνάγκης ἐστὶν οἰακοστρόφος;

that is,

Who sways the helm of strong Necessity?

2. Many are apt to think this an easy work, and that to be a critic is nothing else but to wear gown and cap, to look like a lean bullock, yet learnedly withal, and to write badly for bread; but, *expertus multum sudes, multumque labores*.

3. The period in which this Melodrame was composed, and the probable author of it, are, we grieve to say, enveloped in a sable and mysterious mantle of time-brought clouds. It beareth all the marks of the graceful simplicity of a work, composed in an age when civilization had not yet yielded to luxury, nor natural elegance been prostituted to artificial refinement. The plot is simple, and the characters well and gracefully supported. It is the opinion of some, among whom may be enrolled *K'ongo*, that it did originally appertain unto a Sacred Drama of Miss Hannah More's; an opinion which is founded on certain marks of similarity of style to the productions of that illustrious spinster. We regret that in this brief abstract we cannot enter more strenuously into this delectable arena. For our own part, however, we are perfectly convinced that it was composed anterior to the period when the maiden of Barley Wood so elegantly pourtrayed the doleful pickles of a Bachelor's search, as there are evident tokens of imitation from this poem, in her writings. These marks, however, it were tedious here to mention. We must, indeed, be content to remain ignorant of the true author, until some more cat-eyed (or perchance we should say, more *felis-itous*) perscrutator, maketh a discovery which may throw new light upon this labyrinthine and perplexing subject. Suffice it to say, that it hath, at diverse times and by



sundry authors, been ascribed unto Milton,—unto John Bunyan, unto Chaucer,—unto Pope,—unto Martin Luther,—and, finally, unto Bloody Queen Mary. This last opinion is supported by very powerful authorities. Hugmatee hath supposed that this poem was written by the illustrious Drinkwater; but this Bilitinka doth most expressly deny, as he placeth implicit confidence in the assertion of Horace, (Ep. I. xix. 2, 3,)

“Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,  
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.”

which may be thus done into English;—

*Drink-water's* verses cannot please us long,  
Nor long endure.

But Hugmatee hath learnedly and dexterously met this objection by responding from Pindar, (Ol. od. I. 1,)

“Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.

that is to say—“You can do nothing better than *Drink-water*.”  
Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?

4. With the general drift and application of the piece, to meddle is not our intent; as we, in common with all genuine critics, (leaving the sense to take care of itself,) do principally apply ourselves unto the emendation of the Text,—the unravelling of the metre,—the solution of Grammatical difficulties,—and the dignotion of Dialectical variations.

5. We may, in conclusion to this part of our task, be permitted to quote the opinion which the illustrious Bugaboo, (who, in truth was a great gun, though now his thunders sleep,—nay, a very ray of moonshine, though now he shines but through the windows of his work,) expresseth in his immortal Dissertation on the Letters of Old King Coal, “Why should not this elegant comic song have been intended to form the farce at the end of an English tetralogy? We cannot, indeed, adduce positive proof that such things existed among the English: but if the Examiner will establish by dint of argument, that tetralogies were confined to the ancient Greeks, we will allow that his Grand-mamma was, as he doth pertinaciously affirm, Chancellor of the Exchequer to King David.”

## C H A P. II.

Wherein Fuzwiska discourseth of the metres and rhymes: of the Thimbolon: introduceth by the way a Parecbasis on the melody of English metres: proveth the Choriambic to be the prevailing foot in this melodrame: and mentioneth the different species of verse.

1. We do now plunge ourselves into the thorny thicket which the versification of this poem presenteth. When so many erudite and strenuous men have failed by all their labour and well applied diligence to explain the metrical anomalies herein contained, I cannot by mine own humble exertions presume to solve all the occurrent knots and perplexities. But much additional light hath been thrown upon the explication of the Rhyme, through the discovery by THE GREAT BILITINKA of the Thimbolon: [see note on line 52] by which many a seeming inconsistency hath been obviated, and the way made as plain and easy as a well-macadamized turn-pike road. We may, moreover, reasonably expect great assistance from a Tractate which will be published in a few years by the learned and indefatigable BITADONKI, who hath already been ardently studying the subject for half a century; which will be entituled "A Dissertation on the Metres of 'Old Mother Hubbard,' 'Moll in the Wood,' and 'The House that Jack Built:'" to be completed within 14 vols. folio. But, alas! 'ere the world is enriched with the fruits of his toil, our task will be done; another's head will wear the critic's crown; our patent steam-pen will be laid aside, and others must reap the benefit of those writings, which to us would have been cheaply purchased for their weight in gold.

2. That a considerable portion of the elegance of British Poetry consisted in the metrical harmony of the verses, and the melodious assimilation of sounds, called rhyme, at their termination, no rational being will have the temerity to doubt. Indeed, so fascinating was the power of numbers that many famous poets exchanged sense for sound, preferring music and melody to depth of thought, or sublimity of imagery.—It may not be out of place to note down here a few instances wherein the sound appeareth



an echo of the sense, and which have escaped the observation of other critics. The most exquisite example that we call to mind, is in that elegant and airy lyric "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," throughout. Consult also Southey's *Vision of Judgment*,—Jack the Giant Killer,—and Bunyan's *Prologue to Pilgr. Prog.*—*passim*.

3. We will now proceed to note down what are the principal metres employed in this Melodrame; a subject well worthy of the profound attention and laborious investigation of the learned; although there be some who are impertinent enough (for to what lengths will not the impertinence of some men extend?) affectedly to condemn and despise them, and hint that, forasmuch as these metres may be scanned in so many diverse fashions, the rhythm of the poem is nought but a "nose of wax." Where can such people have lost their ears? have they no relish and gusto (which consider the true method of spelling the word, and not, as some will have it, *gust*)—have they, I say, no relish and gusto for the beautiful in its choruses,—for the harmonious in its measures,—for the bathos of its sublimity, and the pathos of its tenderness? Much of which, nay, we must say, all of which, would evaporate and evanesce,—should the insolent and unmeaning sneers of these ear-less critics meet the approbation of the learned. But as the limits we have proposed unto ourselves do forbid us to expound all the modes of scansion which Industry hath fabricated or Dulness adopted, we do purpose to proceed throughout on our own Theory, supported as it is by the most eminent of the age,—  
THAT THE CHORIAMBIC IS THE PREVAILING FOOT.

4. 'The different species of verses here used are:—

- (1.) *The Choriambic monometer hypercatalectic*; as,  
           Ōld Mōthĕr Hūb | bōrd ||
- (2.) *The Choriambic dimeter decapitate*; as,  
           Tō gĭve hĕr | Dōggĭe ă bōne ||
- (3.) *The Choriambic monometer primosuperfluous*; as,  
           Thĕ | cūpboărd wăb bāre ||
- (4.) *The Choriambic monometer bothendisuperfluous*; as,  
           Shĕ | wĕnt tō thĕ Pōt | hōuse ||

(5.) *The Heterogeneric*, which the learned have not as yet been able to reduce within any definite and certain rules ; as,

Hē wās | dāncīng ă jīg ||

which doth not answer to the opposing line :—

Tō | būy hīm ă wīg ||

Of the same kind is,

Hē | rētūrned hēr ă bōw ||

5. We will now, lest we should snatch some of the bright bay leaves from Bitadonki's wreath of lustrous fame, by pre-occupying the ground of his forthcoming Treatise, pass forward to other fields of labour, while we shall ingenuously

Leave him alone in his glory.

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### CHAP. III.

Fuzwiska descanteth on former Editors ; and sheweth how infinitely superior he is to them all.

1. Perchance it may be deemed necessary, before we address ourselves to the task of rectifying this Melodrame by emendations, elucidating it by annotations, and illustrating it by quotations, to give some short account of those who have wrestled before us in this Gymnasium ; in spite of all whose endeavours, this Poem, when it came under our hands, did superabound with abominable errors, which had insinuated themselves during the roll of ages departed,—which have laughed in the faces of all our predecessors, even when they were critics of the first water, and which, unless I do cheat myself, have been first properly grappled with and subdued in this our own Edition. Yet all credit be given to departed worth ; peace be with their rotting bones ! they have toiled with praiseworthy strenuousness in their vocation, and their lucubrations do yet by their very smell, betray the wasted tallow of the midnight mutton : and even should not their labours have been attended with such success as doth, we flatter ourselves, cast a gas-house-ful of brightness over our own performance, yet much do we owe them ; and unless they had written before us, who shall say of how many excellencies our



work might have been deprived? In using their discoveries, however, we have always been studious to attribute the credit of every note unto its peculiar author: for as we fear none, and as we envy none, so none would we defraud; neither do we wish the stupidity of others to be saddled upon our own back: and though, *perhaps*, we may be inferior to some in learning, and to others in sagacity, yet few there be whose honesty surpasseth our own. Nevertheless, we trust we shall be excused, if, while we thus offer all due respect to the genius and performances of others, we do, considering that the whole world of letters will look up to us for our opinion and advice, castigate as with knotty whipcord all those former Editions which abound in errors of judgement and mistakes in learning, as well as point out those blunders, even in the best previous publications, with which all the performances of shady mortals are obfuscated.

2. The first New-Zealander who presented the world with an Edition of Old Mother Hubbard, was FIZGI. We remember reading his book in our freshman days; but so incensed were we at the innumerable absurdities it containeth, so excruciated with the horrible false quantities which we met therein, that we did gladly consign the book to the darkest corner of our coal hole, whence it hath occasionally come forth only to kindle a flame under our sibilant frying-utensil. Indeed we could almost fancy, from the care with which this pseudo-critic doth eschew Wisdom, even when the Goddess standeth directly in his path, so as never even to blunder into sense, that he acted on the maxim of Sir Henry Wotton in his "Farewell to the Vanities of the World";—

"I would be wise, but that I often see  
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free."

Then rest quiet and undisturbed in thine ignoble grave, O most valiant ass! We venture to assure thee that none, on account of thy sapience, will ever disturb thy repose!

3. Since that time, our presses have sweated under the crowd of Editions which the public craving hath demanded, and the obsequious avarice of Bibliopoles supplied; every book-shelf hath groaned beneath their burthen; yet whilst these oft repeated

Editions do testify the desire which is felt to read Old Mother Hubbard, they effect but little to cause its being read without defect or corruption. They every where abound with the vilest errors which the perverted mind of Fizgi could create, and the idleness or blindness of others could perpetuate. The portents which he produced as lawful and emended verses would have shocked the ears even of the meanest serf, whose fetid breath formerly helped to raise the riot of Reform. Greivously, in truth, are they deceived, who, whilst they use Editions fashioned according to that of Fizgi, flatter themselves that they are reading the genuine Melodrame which he so ruthlessly spoiled. They have obtained sloe-leaves for tea, the poisonous hemlock for the wholesome herb.

4. Years rolled on; and with them brought a man of a most different calibre, even the dexterous and learned BUGABOO. Although he did at times cut and carve with rather too much confidence in his own critical *voũc*, yet his credit doth stand so high, that from us, as praise would be useless, so blame would be absurd. To him, more than to any other within the memory of man, except, peradventure, to Bilitinka alone, is English literature especially indebted. Reader! wouldst thou hear still more in his commendation? Remember! he wrote the immortal Dissertation, *nocturna versanda manu, versanda diurna*, on the authenticity of the Letters of Old King Coal.

5. Next, in the same track, followed the elegant and polished K'ongo. Light and airy, his Dædalean spirit rode to emendation as on the wings of a Condor, pounced upon error, as it would upon a herring, and expelled it to the worse than Cimmerian darkness of the Dull.

6. Although these two notable Editors have done much, yet even their discoveries and emendations have since been surpassed. Within the last few years, the rocket of BILITINKA hath flared up. He possesseth every qualification which could be needed in such an undertaking to ensure his success; erudition, sagacity, a justness of discernment, a contempt for others and admiration for himself, an outrageous and passionate love for his author, and



a vehement thirst to be beneficial to mankind. His Commentary is crowded with every species of elegance and learning; his Preface is as brisk as soda water, and his very Index is "as entertaining as an Eastern tale," or even one of the Oxford Tracts. But I will not trust myself to speak of his merits, lest I should appear to have an eye to the rich Fellowship which is in his gift; yet I cannot forbear to mention by what innumerable ties of friendship I am bound to him. As children we were carried about in the same arms; and the diminutive wheels of our infantile go-carts learned to revolve in gentle unison side by side. We played together as boys; and the tops and marbles of Bilitinka and Fuzwiska were always a common stock. We read together as youths; and our very apartments at Kilcockotroni were as undivided as our hearts;—for, of a truth, being somewhat needy, we did agree one of us to sleep under the bed of the other, seeing that the area of our couch was not extensive enough for two;—and not only were we linked together closely by the bond of friendship, and poverty, but also agitated by the mutual incitements of the most honourable emulation. He then, to whose intimacy I have been indebted for so much of the little pleasure with which the hard and studious life of the Scholar is relieved,—he whose singular fidelity and most rare integrity have been so well known and so often proved by others as well as by myself: (for, verily, in the case of his cribbing another man's gown, it was not until his own was too tattered to wear, as was fully proved at the trial); he, I say, will, I feel certain, rejoice, when he learneth that his ancient chum hath gleaned a few ears from the plenteous harvest which his Edition doth afford. Once for all is this acknowledgement presented; for so many even of those notes which are not directly borrowed from his "Old Mother Hubbord," had their original germ in compotatory conversations which I have held with him, that to give particular thanks would be utterly out of my power. Receive, O my Bilitinka, these offerings of a grateful heart, and forgive me, if the expensiveness of paper hindereth me from giving thine abilities and exertions the still longer commendations which they so richly deserve!

7. And now our task is finished ; our work is done. Yet hath it been to us a pleasant toil ; many hours of sickness and despondency hath this investigation beguiled ;—many confounded stomach-aches hath this occupation relieved : and though full oft our spirits have flagged and our eye hath grown dim and weary in the contemplation of the labour which lay before us, yet can we look back upon it with self-congratulation ; and sorrow in the thought that our remarks upon the beauties and digressions, upon the nodosities of this Melodrame must now be concluded for ever. Reader ! it hath cost us much research and more contemplation ; but if, whilst thine ears are refreshed with its melody, and thy soul is cheered with its glittering beauty, any remark of ours should remove the cob-webs which have obfuscated its glories, our hopes will be satisfied, our wishes will be fulfilled, and our endeavours will be amply rewarded.

Good-bye !

BUSBI FUZWISKA.

Given by me, Busbi, at Kilcockotroni,  
Dog-days, A.D. 3208.



THE  
MELODRAME  
OF  
OLD MOTHER HUBBORD.

---

PROEM.

---

Old Mother Hubbord

---

*Proem.* line 1.] Some, with most singular and absurd perversity of disposition, have denominated this verse, an *inverted Pigmiac dochmiac*; thus,

Ōld Mō | thēr Hūb | bōrd ||

which fashion of scansion is, to use the words of Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night," Act v, Sc. 1, "as fat and fulsome to mine ear as howling after music," where, for "*fat and fulsome*," I would read "*flat and dulsome*," which I think will be universally allowed to be an infinite improvement. Others, with a still more execrable rejection of sound judgement and correct criticism do make it a *Dactylic dimeter spondaic*; thus,

Ōld Mōthēr | Hūbbōrd ||

and some, who seem wishful to sound the very lowest depths of asinine stupidity, call it an *Anapæstic semimeter bothendisuperfluous*; thus,

Ōld | Mōthēr Hūb | bōrd.

*Ibid.*] It hath oftimes been a harrassment and discomfort unto us that we have not discovered whether Old Mother Hubbord was, or was not, a dog. It is argued on the one hand, that the whole context doth indisputably prove that she was verily a dog. For, say they, of what else could she be the *mother*, if not of the Doggie? What else beneath the sun, are we justified in presuming she was the mother of? Now, if she be the mother of a doggie, ergo, she herself must be a dog: for as Horace saith, *Non generant aquilæ columbas*, i. e. "Eagles don't beget doves." Others, on the contrary say, that the doggie

## Went to the cupboard

himself was a human being. This is absurd. For, if a doggie be a doggie, then will he be the son of a dog, and therefore himself a canine. Now, the personage here alluded to, is continually described as being a doggie; therefore according to the above logical deduction, he must be of truth and necessity an uncontrovertible canine.

*Ibid. Hubbord.]* All the ancient Codices read *Hubbard*, which is a misprint. BUGABOO.

Line 2.] This is imitated from Homerus, Il. B. III. 224.

Ἡ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.

*Ibid. Cupboard.]* So Dryden, Trans. Juven.

“Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,  
That his short wife’s short legs hung dangling out;  
His *cupboard’s* head six earthen pitchers grac’d;  
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac’d.”

In the first of these four lines I would read, in opposition to all the Codices, “so short no doubt;” for who that hath ears could endure the inharmonious cacophony of making *boot* rhyme with *out*? Besides, it hath been established by the great Dr. Indigo Ecclesiastico, that the English did never use to wear boots in bed, except when they were drunk. BUGABOO.

*Ibid.]* From a line of Goldsmith’s—

“And five crack’d tea cups deck’d his chimney board.”

It is evident that this receptacle for crockery was located above the chimney. I can bring proof that *board* was synonymous with *table* from an Epigram in a MS. Anthology preserved in the Library of the University of Kilcockotroni, the acumen or point of which consisteth in a pun.

“There was a man whose name was John,  
Whose wife and he went but badly on!  
For he, poor sinner,  
Ne’er got a dinner,  
But with two *fowls* she deck’d his *board*:  
N.B. *Foul* look, and eke *foul* word.”



To give her Doggie a bone :  
 But when she came there,  
 5 The cupboard was bare,  
 So the poor Doggie got none !

All scholars must, I think, allow that the second line of this Epigram is mendose ; I would expel the *went*, and then would the line scan most mellifluously : although I confess I do not so clearly see how it could be construed. On this Epigram my mind inciteth me to found an argument, proving that *fowl* and *foul* were originally spelled alike, and that the orthography of both was *Phoul*.

K'ONGO.

*Line 3.]* Many Codices read, "To give her poor dog a bone:" which is manifestly absurd. For what would *poor* mean in that case ? Nor could this be reconciled to the metre: thus,

Tõ gïve | hēr poōr | Dōg ă bōne ||

is absolutely unmetrical: the other is plain:

Tõ gïve hēr | Dōggiě ă bōne ||

which is a *Choriambic Dimeter Acephalous*.

*Ibid: Doggie.]* A diminutive of the noun *Dog*: it expresseth attachment and affection. This form was chiefly used by the Caledonians; so Burns,

"The sweetest hours I ever spend  
 Are spent among the lassies, O !"

*Line 5: Bare.]* Empty, not absolutely, but comparatively; so we have, "to bare the head," an expression used not to signify the stripping away of the scalp, (a practice usual only among the Dog-ribbed and Copper-bottomed Indians,) but merely to remove the external tegument or capital embellishment denominated the hat.

*Line 6: poor.]* In this case there is nothing ridiculous in the application of the word *poor*: nay, 'tis a touching stroke and demonstrateth the deep pathos and delicate tenderness of the author's commiseration. In short, so do we admire the force of the epithet thus introduced, that we would rather be the author of these four letters than fill the Patagonian throne.

*Lines 7 and 8.]* This passage appeareth greatly to have puzzled commentators, who considering dogs to have been car-

## STROPHE I.

She went to the Baker's,  
 To buy him some bread,  
 And when she came back,  
 10           The Doggie was dead!

nivrous animals, cannot imagine them capable of eating bread. For mine own part, I cannot help thinking that Old Mother Hubbard would have connected with it "or savoury cheese, or butter costlier still," to facilitate the operation of deglutition, previous to the presentation of it to the canine favorite. For that dogs could sometimes eat bread, we learn from Chaucer, who, (in his Description of the Prioress, Prologue to Cant. Tales) telleth us,

"Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde  
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede."

*Line 10.]* Some do here reject the note of exclamation; which is removing one of the grandest props of English Poesy. See the Oxford Prize Poems, *passim*. K'ONGO.

*Ibid.]* That dogs were famous experts at dying, we learn from the Historian, who telleth us of a dog, yclept Zoppius, that he was accustomed to die in a very facetious manner, elevated upon a stage in the sight of admiring spectators, who were wont to reward his meritorious exertions by presents of meat, cakes, and sugar plums.

*Line 12.]* A box to contain cold meat, and more especially, human flesh.

*Line 15. Pot-house.]* The Pot-house, as this passage clearly indicateth, was a mansion where beer and other intoxicating liquors were vended; not *Pots*, as Fizgi, with his accustomed stolidity, doth affirm; for these were sold at *Pot-Shops*. *Pot*, we ought to remark, was a vessel, made indifferently of silver or pewter, for the holding of beer, ale, and swipes. So Shakespeare (K. Hen. V, A. III, Sc. ii.) "*Boy*. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a *pot of ale* and safety. *Pistol*. And I."

*Line 16: Beer.]* That Beer and Ale were names applied to one and the same beverage, is clearly proved from a most curious



She went to the Joiner's;  
 To get him a coffin,  
 And when she came back,  
 The Doggie was laughing.  
 15 She went to the Pot-house,

and valuable inscription preserved in the Museum of Kilcock-  
 troni, consisting of a brown board, which was originally black,  
 and black letters which were originally white. A great part of it,  
 we regret to say, has been lamentably defaced by the Goths of  
 the dark ages: but so far as it can be deciphered, it runneth thus:

J\*E SL\*PS  
 ALE \*\*\* BEER  
 S\*LD H\*RE.

which trite and broken legend the acute K'ongo proposeth thus  
 to fill up:—JoE SLaPS: ALE or BEER SoLD HeRE. For  
 mine own part, I would rather be inclined to read in the first line  
 SLoPS; and in the second, ALE *viz.* BEER, or perchance, ALE  
*i. e.* BEER. Some, I know, do contend that Beer was only a  
 commoner or lighter species of Ale: alleging in proof thereof,  
 Hudibras, (Pt. I. Cant. I. lines 647,8).

“Thou that with *ale* or *viler liquors*  
 Didst inspire Wythers, Pryn, or Vicars.”

But it is my firm belief, that the viler liquors here mentioned are  
 only Tea and Coffee, and other belly-vengeful Temperance  
 beverages. Others again adduce the speech of Jack Cade (2nd  
 Pt. of K. Hen. VI. A. iv. Sc. ii.) “I will make it felony to drink  
*small beer.*” But to make all beer *small beer*, were as unjust as  
 to esteem all clothes *small-clothes*. Besides ale itself was often  
 called *small*,—nay, even *smallest*: so the same Shakespeare  
 (induct. to Taming of Shrew. Sc. ii.) maketh Sly call out for “a  
 pot of *small ale* ;” and again, in a few lines, for “a pot o’ th’  
*smallest ale.*” Let us now proceed to a closer investigation of the  
 subject. And (1) a good description of beer may be obtained  
 from Pope (Dunciad Bk. III. 169-172)

“Beer,  
 Tho’ stale, not ripe; tho’ thin, yet never clear;  
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;  
 Heady, not strong; o’erflowing, tho’ not full.”

To get him some Beer,

(2.) Proof of its *strength* and *potency* may be found in Sir W. Scott's Novel, entituled "Guy Mannering :—" wherein the common Editions do make Counsellor Pleydell say of his clerk Driver ; "It's my opinion he never put's off his clothes, or goes to sleep ; — sheer ale supports him under every thing. It is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing." Strange ! that no Editor hath hitherto observed the seeds of song in this sentence ! Behold ! thus I arrange it :—

"I think he ne'er puts off his clothes,

Or goes

To sleep ;—sheer ale supports him under every thing :

It is his meat, drink, cloth, bed, board, and e'en washing."

Indeed, I have a great inclination to believe that the whole of the Waverly Novels were originally written in a kind of Dithyrambic verse. (3.) As for its *antiquity* and *derivation*, Florus telleth us (Lib. II. Cap. xviii.) that the Numantines, before they entered into a certain desperately forlorn engagement, did fill their bodies, even unto repletion, with half-cooked flesh and *celia*. From this word *celia*, by omitting the *c*, and changing, as we see constantly done, *e* into *a*, (which directly becomes *alia*) I consider the word *ale* to be derived. Plinius calleth this drink also *ceria* : whence, by the unimportant change of *c* into *b*, *beer* hath its etymon : thus we find that Pliny himself doth support our opinion concerning the identity of ale and beer. (4.) For its *effects*,—Aristotle, as quoted by Athenæus, (Deipn. I. 61, edit. Skunk.) saith that those who get drunk on wine do always fall upon their faces, but men drunk with beer never fail to fall on their backs. (5.) The great *excellency* of ale or beer may be inferred from the fact, that the Gothic warriors considered the imbibing of it to be one of the richest enjoyments that awaited their spirits in the halls of the blest. For what saith the royal bard, Regner Lodbrog ? Take, Reader, a couplet from xxv Stanza of his funeral song, translated of old into Latin by Olaus Wormius, and of late into English by us :

"Bibemus cerevisiam brevi

Ex concavis crateribus craniorum."



And when she came back,  
He sat in a † chair.

Which we thus render;

“With *ale* we'll soak our jolly souls  
From made-of-hollow-brain-pans bowls.”

Nay, even the fastidious Lord Byron himself doth aver that he

“Hath no objection to a *pot of beer*.”—(Beppo. St. XLVIII. 4.)

Now we advise all whose capacious souls thirst for still fuller information on this subject to approach Burns's lovely ballad inscribed “John Barleycorn,” and in the notes of the erudite Tom-catawauli upon that exquisite piece of antiquity, their intellectuals will be refreshed, even as the toppers of old were, with the soul-cheering beverage of barley divine.

*Line 18.]* Bugaboo, ὁ φιλοπονώτατος, who readeth—“*He smiled at the cheer,*” hath upon this line the following note:—  
“O the folly of some men! All former Editors of this Melodrame have allowed to pass unemended the detestable and supposititious reading, ‘*He sat in a chair* ;’ as if, forsooth, *chair* could rhyme with *beer*! Surely they do forget the irrefragable Canon of Butler (Hudibr. Pt. I. C. i. 463-4);—

“For Rhyme the Rudder is of verses,  
With which, like Ships, they steer their courses.”

We, nevertheless, altho’ supported by no codices whatever, would read, ‘*He smiled at the cheer,*’ and I will lay any wager, I am right herein. For what transition can be more easy, especially when we consider the oscitancy of Printer’s Devils, than from *smiled* to *sat*, and from *cheer* to *chair*?” With all our veneration for this estimable Scholar, we fear that in this case he hath acted with too much temerity: we, therefore, choose rather to retain, but obelize, the ancient reading.

*Line 19: Barber’s.]* The province of Barbers was not only to rescind the superfluous luxuriance of the chin, but likewise to provide false hair wherewith to cover the denuded pericranium.

SNOOKIMONKI.

After having given this quotation from Snookimonki, which defineth the profession and occupation of this extinct portion of

## ANTISTROPHE I.

She went to the Barber's,

the human race, we will add a few facts tending to throw light upon a subject hitherto too vehemently neglected by the learned. We are informed by Plinius, Nat. Hist. vii. 59. that Barbers were first brought from Sicily into Italy by P. Ticinius Mena in the year A.U.C. 454=B.C. 300. Moreover he telleth us that the first person who was wont to be shaved daily was Scipio Æmilianus Africanus the Minor: which information is confirmed by Aulus Gellius (Noct. Attic. Lib. iii. c. iv.) So great a reformation did they elaborate upon the manners of the nation, so bright a halo of illumination did their arts of refinement fling around the Mistress of the World, that the *tonsus Romanus* exults with enthusiasm in his polished head, his unencumbered chin, and his exquisitely well-pared nails, and sneers with the energy of conscious superiority, while he contumeliously denominates his shaggy grisly-bearded ancestor, *intonsus atque barbatus*! That Barbers were invested with great dignities and honours, we have a proof in this, that the counsellor and chief minister of Louis XI. monarch of France, was Oliver le Dain, or Diable, or Devil, a tonsor and decorator of periwigs, whose avocations, however, were at last unfortunately suspended by his elevation to the Gallows. That Barbers were also wealthy must follow from the crops which they reaped from their customer's chins. Thus Shakespeare (Much ado ab. Noth: A. iii. Sc. ii.) "No, but the Barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his chin hath already stuffed tennis-balls." Also from their extensive custom: so Herodotus (Eut. 66.) Ἐν ὅτέοισι δ' ἂν οἰκίῳσι αἰέλουρος ἀποθάνῃ ἀπὸ τοῦ αὐτομάτου, οἱ ἐνοικέοντες πάντες ζυρεόνται, τὰς ὀφρύας μούνας παρ' ὅτέοισι δ' ἂν κύων, πᾶν τὸ σῶμα καὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν: that is, 'In whatsoever houses a cat may chance to die of its own accord, all the indwellers do presently shave off their eye-brows: but should it be a dog, they denude also their heads, and the whole of their bodies.' All their importance, at last, finally disappeared when mankind learned the art of getting shaved by steam,—a discovery which was made in the 19th century.



20            To buy him a Wig,  
               And when she came back,  
               He was dancing a jig.

*Line 20. Wig.].* Wigs were thus classified into their genera and species.

GENUS I. PERIWIG.

*Species 1.* Bobwig.

*Species 2.* Scratchwig.

GENUS. II. BUZWIG.

*Species 1.* Episcopal.

Variety 1. Full-bottomed.

Variety 2. Bottomless.

*Species 2.* Judicial.

Variety 1. Three-tailed.

Variety 2. Two-tailed.

Variety 3. Unentailed.

*Species 3.* Peruke,

Variety 1. Ventilated.

Variety 2. The Peruke with the Patent Springs.

For further information see Yachou's Natural History of Wigs and Whigs. Vol. II. Chap. VII. §. 3, *et seqq.*

*Line 21.]* It may have caused some astonishment that this line hath already been so often repeated; but such is its intrinsic elegance, such its unimprovable simplicity, that we will venture to affirm that none will ever complain of its frequent return. It was indeed the constant habit of the English to repeat the same sound and the same words within the space of a few verses. Thus Shakspeare "Love's Lab. Lost." (A. IV. Sc. i.)

"*Rosalind.* Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
                   Thou can'st not hit it, my good man :  
      *Boyet.*     An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
                   An I cannot, another can."

Another example, if possible, still more terse and elegant may be given from the Anthology :

"As I walked by myself,  
   I talked by myself,  
   And thus myself said to me."

*Line 22.]* Dancing dogs do appear to have been esteemed a most singular rarity—"diligentius nigris uvis custodiendi," on

She went to the Mercer's,  
To buy him some linen ;  
25 And when she came back,  
The Doggie was spinning.

account of the difficulty with which they were made to move in these saltatory circumgyrations; for what saith that gigantic Apothegm-manufacturer Dr. Johnson? "Women reason *as dogs dance*: they do it ill, but one wonders they do it at all."

BITADONKI.

Such, however, was the power of soul-subduing music among the ancients, that not only did it make groves, rocks, and mountains, but even dogs and monkeys dance.

*Line 23: linen.]* Bugaboo, in order to avoid the awkwardness of this rhyme, proposeth, instead of *linen* to read *lining*, which he opineth to be the same, or nearly so, in signification: to support which opinion he citeth the following passage from Shakespeare (K. Rich. II. A. I. Sc. iv.)

"The *lining* of his coffers shall *make coats*  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars."

For *coffers* others, with some reason, read *coffins*.

*Line 26. Spinning.]* There is every reason to believe that the Doggie would sing over his work: for what saith one Gifford, a Parson?

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;  
All at her work the village maiden sings;  
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,  
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

I would propose for *maiden*, to read *mastiff*, which would explain the words, "however rude the sound," and the absence of reflection implied by the latter lines.

BUGABOO.

*Ibid.]* Some Critics, whose feelings we would by lenity spare, have ventured to alter this word into *grinning*. "O stultitiam hominum!" The Doggie was far too sensible to repeat his own former actions within so short a time; and we find that, in line 14, he was *laughing*. Now we could easily prove that that exercise of the muscles which the English called *grinning*, was, in fact, but a facetious modification of the *laugh*.—As my pen hath al-



She went to the market,  
 To buy him some Tripe,  
 And when she came back,  
 He was smoking a Pipe.

30

ready been well exercitated in criticism, I will take advantage of a little leisure which I happen to possess to efflagitate the editors of my Lord Byron's works, for a most atrocious error which they have perpetuated: in his Lordship's lines on a Scull, (Childe Harold. Cant. II. St. vi. 3.) we find, in all Editions,

" Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall ;"

Now what possible sense can be flogged out of these words, *airy hall*? Certainly none: I would therefore insert the aspirate, and read,

" Yes, this was once Ambition's hairy hall,  
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul."

And it would puzzle even Bobbi Northi, the poet laureate, himself to find a more exquisite description of the head, retaining its full complement of scalp, then these words after my emendation, convey. I have also discovered about two thousand instances of robbery in his Lordship's Poems, from Demosthenes, Melchisedec Dustilore, Dr. Priestley, Homer, John Smith, and Jones of Jesus, which I will enarrate at full length in a Treatise which I am preparing on Byron's Life and Labours: wherein I shall prove that Lord Byron did not live in the 21st century, as Dr. Dumble-dicki in the face of all evidence doth pertinaciously affirm, but that he was contemporary with the celebrated Snook. A Diatribe on Snook's Family Aperient Pills will close the whole.

*Line 28. Tripe.*] Derived from the Greek *τριβή*: or, as others will have it, from the Latin *tripes*, because it was often served upon tables having three legs. What particular sort of meat it was hath not yet been decided, but it appeareth to have been a great favourite among the English: so we have in Shakespeare:

" Grumio. How say you to a fat *Tripe* finely broiled?

*Katharina.* I like it well—" (Taming of the Shrew. A. IV. Sc. iii.

*Line 30. He was smoking a Pipe.*] It was a custom among the ancients to inhale the fumes of tobacco and other nauseous weeds, in order to excite vomit, and comfort the intestines when they had been overcharged with their large and plenteous meals.

## STROPHE. II.

She went to the Fruit'rer's  
To buy him some Fruit ;

This habit seemeth to have been a particular favourite with coachmen and charioteers when driving in rural districts; as doth appear from Dryden :—

“ Aventinus drives his chariot round ;  
Proud of his steeds, he *smokes* along the *field* ;  
His father's *hydra* fills his ample *shield*.”

From this passage we also conclude that the *hydra* or *tobacco* was inserted into a receptacle or bowl denominated a *shield*, the fume of which was conveyed thence into the mouth of the smoker through the *pipe*. As to the *hydra*, we infer that it was a species of tobacco, as were *returns*, *bird's-eye*, and so forth. But Bitadonki proposeth to read, —

“ His father's *birdseye* fills his ample shield.”

for he asserts that the *hydra* was a mythological monstrosity of the ancient Greeks and Romans. This question we leave to the decision of the learned. As a similar passage we may quote Ovid. (Met. II. 323, 4);—

“ Quem procul a patria diverso maximus orbe  
Excipit Eridanus, fumantiaque abluit ora.”

that is to say ;

Far from his native clime he tumbled is  
Into the Po, which laves his smoking phiz.

From which we may infer that Phaeton, while in the regions of the air, solaced his drive with a pipe, unless peradventure it was a cigar : this point being still unascertained.

*Line 31 : Fruit'rer's.*] Most of the Tongatabooan critics have neglected to elide the *e* in this word :—they are, of a truth, most entirely destitute of common sense. But we are content to spare the scourge, and withhold that flagellation which is so deservedly their due, inasmuch as Voltaire hath acutely affirmed, “ Le sens commun n'est pas si commun ;” that is to say, nothing is less common than common sense. But honesty and candour do compel us to declare, that we New-Zealanders, who are vastly better skilled in the quantity of syllables than Tongatabooans, whenever we find *Fruit'rer's* spelled with two *e*'s, *shall always emend it*.



And when she came back,  
 He was playing the Flute.  
 35 She went to the Vintner's,  
 For wine white and red ;  
 And when she came back,  
 He stood on his head.  
 She went to the Shoe-shop,  
 40 To buy him some shoes ;  
 And when she came back,  
 He was reading the News.

---

*Line 34.]* The sound of all wind instruments was particularly somniferous and soothing. It is probable that after his many recent exertions, viz. pining, dying, laughing, sitting, dancing, spinning, and smoking, the Doggie was fatigued, and desirous of playing himself to sleep ; which desire he probably gratified while his affectionate protectress was accomplishing her journey to the Vintner's. It may be proper here to remark, that the English flute was not inflated from the nose, as is our's, but "from the moistened lip, and the distorted cheek."

*Line 39.]* Reader ! admire, we entreat thee, this egregious specimen of alliteration, which was so delightfully euphonious to the ears of the ancients. Other examples, which have not yet been observed, we do purpose here to present to thee. In *Bombastes Furioso*, we read ;—

"And with this wicked wanton world, a woful war I'll wage."  
 Take next a line from an erudite old book entituled, "The Eton Latin Grammar :"—

"Vo fit vi, ut volvo volvi ; vivo excipe vixi."  
 which, as the great Bilitinka hath established by most elaborate discussion, and most incontrovertible proofs, the ancients would thus read ;—

"Wo fit wi, ut wolwo wolwi ; wiwo excipe wixi."  
 But the most elegant instance of alliteration is in the following line from Aristophanes :—

Μὲ μύ μὲ μύ μὲ μύ μὲ μύ μὲ μύ μὲ μύ.  
 which is, being translated,  
 Mu mu mu mu mu mu mu mu mu mu mu.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

She went to the Hatter's,  
To buy him a Hat ;

*Line 43: Hatter's.]* Fizgi readeth for *Hatter's, Hater's*. Behold 'Piscopo's annotation hereon. "Although I have changed my mind six times on this subject, I have, however, at length acceded to the opinion of K'ongo, that the reading *Hater's* is to be shoved out with a pitchfork." We truly admire and applaud the highmindedness of this great man, who never thinketh it too late to exchange an inferior for a better opinion : he acteth on the maxim, that he who confesseth himself to be in error, doth but show you that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

*Line 44: Hat.]* The temples of British gentlemen were graced with an ornament called a *hat*, similar unto a brazen basin, as some will have it, upon the authority of Cervantes ; (see *Don Quixote*.) But I hold that not a *hat*, but a *helmet* is referred to by this author ; although, that there is considerable similarity between a hat and a helmet, may be learned from the *Anthology*, (Vol. III. p. 560, D.)

"His sable helm, a hat without a brim."

Moreover Fizgi saith that one hat did sometimes suffice for the use of two persons ; (see Pope, *Dunciad* iv. 273.)

"Walker! *our* hat—nor more he deigned to say,  
But stern as Ajax' spectre strode away."

*Line 46.]* Although the Doggie hath been exhibited unto us as graced with the utmost variety of elegant and difficult accomplishments, the innate ferocity of his nature spontaneously bursteth forth in cruelty committed upon a lovely but weaker animal. Some will, peradventure, ineptly ask, "What so great ferocity can be detected in our hero's desire to cram the cat?" To so impertinent a question we would reply, How would'st thou, sapient sir, be pleased, were some monstrous brute to seize thee, and attempt to cram thy worshipful guts with aliment, not showing thee the civility of enquiring which part thereof thou mightest prefer ?

K'ONGO.

Fizgi readeth,

"He was a feeding of the cat."

Oh ! the idiot !



45           And when she came back,  
               He was feeding the Cat.  
               She went to the Tailor's,  
               To buy him a Coat ;

*Ibid : Cat.]* This tribe of natural existencies was denominated the *feline* race ; not from the Latin word *felis*, a cat, as some absurdly dream ; but from *felix* happy, because they were a source of great unhappiness to their prey : just as Bishop Butler telleth us that *likeLIE* (for this I believe to be the true spelling, and not *likely*,) meaneth *like-TRUTH*, (see the Introduction to his Analogy of Religion.) In the same manner, also, as *Watermen* were so called, because they did never drink *water*.   K'ONGO.

*Ibid : Cat.]* So called from *cat*-ching mice. K'ongo, however, supposeth it to be derived from *catapult*, as *ram* is derived from *ramrod* : but I think he erreth.

*Line 47 : Tailor's.]* We know not how to find our readers a better account of this race of men than Shakespeare hath apostrophically afforded us. (Taming of Shr. A. iv. Sc. iii.)

“Thou thread,

Thou thimble,  
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,  
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou !  
 Braved in mine own house by a skein of thread !  
 Away ! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;  
 Or I will so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.”

*Line 48 : Coat.]* It hath proved a sudoriferous question unto the learned, in what manner the Doggie here celebrated was inclothes'd. For it hath been argued, and that indeed with great show of plausibility,—How could a coat be suited to the pattern of his posteriors, since surely it would be a grievance and incommodation to his tail, which, as may be clearly demonstrated was an appendix proper to the canine as to the feline order of intelligencies ? To this I answer, that a dog could wear either coat, trowsers, small-clothes, or galligaskins, as well as a man could ; for, as I shall proceed to prove, THE ANCIENT BRITISH WORE TAILS.

This is manifested by the extract following from the letters of

And when she came back,  
50                    He was riding a Goat.

Lien Chi Altangi, a Chinese sojourner in London. It is, certes, greatly to be regretted that more of this learned man's Epistles have not survived the edacity of time. The extract is as followeth: "Simon Mayole describes many of the English at his time, which is not more than a hundred years ago, as having tails. His own words are as follows;—'In England there are some families which have tails, as a punishment for deriding an Augustin friar sent by St. Gregory, and who preached in Dorsetshire. They sewed the tails of different animals to his clothes; but soon they found some *tails entailed* on them and their *posterity* for ever.' It is certain, that the author had some ground for this description: *many of the English wear tails in their wigs to this very day*, as a mark, I suppose, of the antiquity of their families, and perhaps a symbol of those tails with which they were formerly distinguished by nature." That these members, however, were gradually degenerating in the time of Oliver Goldsmith, we prove from the following couplet:—

"Man wants but *little here below*,  
Nor wants that *little long*."

Where, in the first line, he doubtless referreth to the removal of tails from the *posterity* of the *corpus*, to the *posterity* of the *caput*, in which latter position they were denominated *pig-tails*. To this disappearance of tails is likewise to be referred the saying of Shakespeare;—"Leave not a wreck behind." It may, moreover, be observed, that the custom obtained, many years after, of wearing *coats with tails*, or *tail-coats*, in memorial of the pristine habitude. From the manufacture of this kind of *tails*, that variety of the human race, which we have just mentioned above, drew their appellation of *tailors*. Now as to the incommodation which some have thought clothes must cause unto the tail, it appeareth a marvel unto me, why even the idea should enter into their minds, especially with the following epigram in the Anthology before their eyes:—

"His jacket was red, and his breeches were blue,  
With a little hole behind *for his tail to run through*."

*Line 50.]* This was no doubt in imitation of the custom



She went to the Hosier's,  
 To buy him some Hose ;  
 And when she came back,  
 He was dressed in his clothes.

of the Pigmies, who were wont to ride straddleways on the backs of minute animals, such as were goats. Concerning this people, you may with profit approach the travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver in Lilliput; so diminutive were these Pigmiac individuals, that it was necessary for them, as the Poet justly observeth, to stand upon six pennyworth of halfpence to look over a duck's back.

*Line 52. Hose:]* 'This word is derived from the Greek ὅσις, which signifieth *holy*, tho' the derivation be not according to the exact rule of grammar.

BUGABOO.

*Ibid.]* It had been a source of much trouble and perplexity to commentators that *Hose* and *Clothes* should be made to rhyme with each other, and they were obliged to stumble over the matter by asserting that *clothes* suffered a Syncope of the *th*, and was pronounced *clo'es*: but the immortal Bilitinka hath solved this formidable difficulty by the discovery of the *Thimbolon*, an unexpressed letter, similar in sound to *th*, or the Greek *θ*; thus *hose* was pronounced *hothes*; *nose*, *nothse*; *disclose*, *disclothse* (compounded of *dis* and *clothes*.) This pronunciation was beautifully calculated to soften down the otherwise unendurable sigmatism of the English language, and accounteth for numerous rhymes and derivations, which, before this discovery, were considered utterly incapable of solution.

*Ibid.]* Hose were frequently used for the preservation and conveyance of meat. Thus Hudibras, (Pt. I. C. I. 303, 4.)

"When of his *Hose* we come to treat,  
 The cup-board where he kept his meat."

SNOOKIMONKI.

*Line 55. Curtsey:]* From the Latin *curt*-[are]*se*, to shorten oneself, (by a syncope of the infinitival adjunct); because people in this case were wont to shorten themselves by genuflection and capital nutation.

## EPISODE.

55

She made him a Curtsey,  
 He returned her a Bow ;  
 Pray Doggie how are you ?  
 The Dog said, Bow, wow.

*Line 58:]* Bugaboo adduceth a parallel to this in the ancient inscription on a large bell, called Great Tom of Oxford, which he proposeth thus to amend and metrically arrange—

“ Hic ego  
 Resono  
 In Thomæ laude.  
 BIM BOM sine fraude.”

and thus learnedly translateth ;—

Here I,  
 Great Tom,  
 Sing loudly,  
 BIM, BOM.  
 For St. Tom's sake,  
 And no mistake.

We will moreover adduce another parallel from “Jack the Giant Killer.”

Fi, fo, fum,  
 I smell the † blood,  
 Of an  
 Englishman.

I have obelized the word *blood*, forasmuch as it rhymeth not.

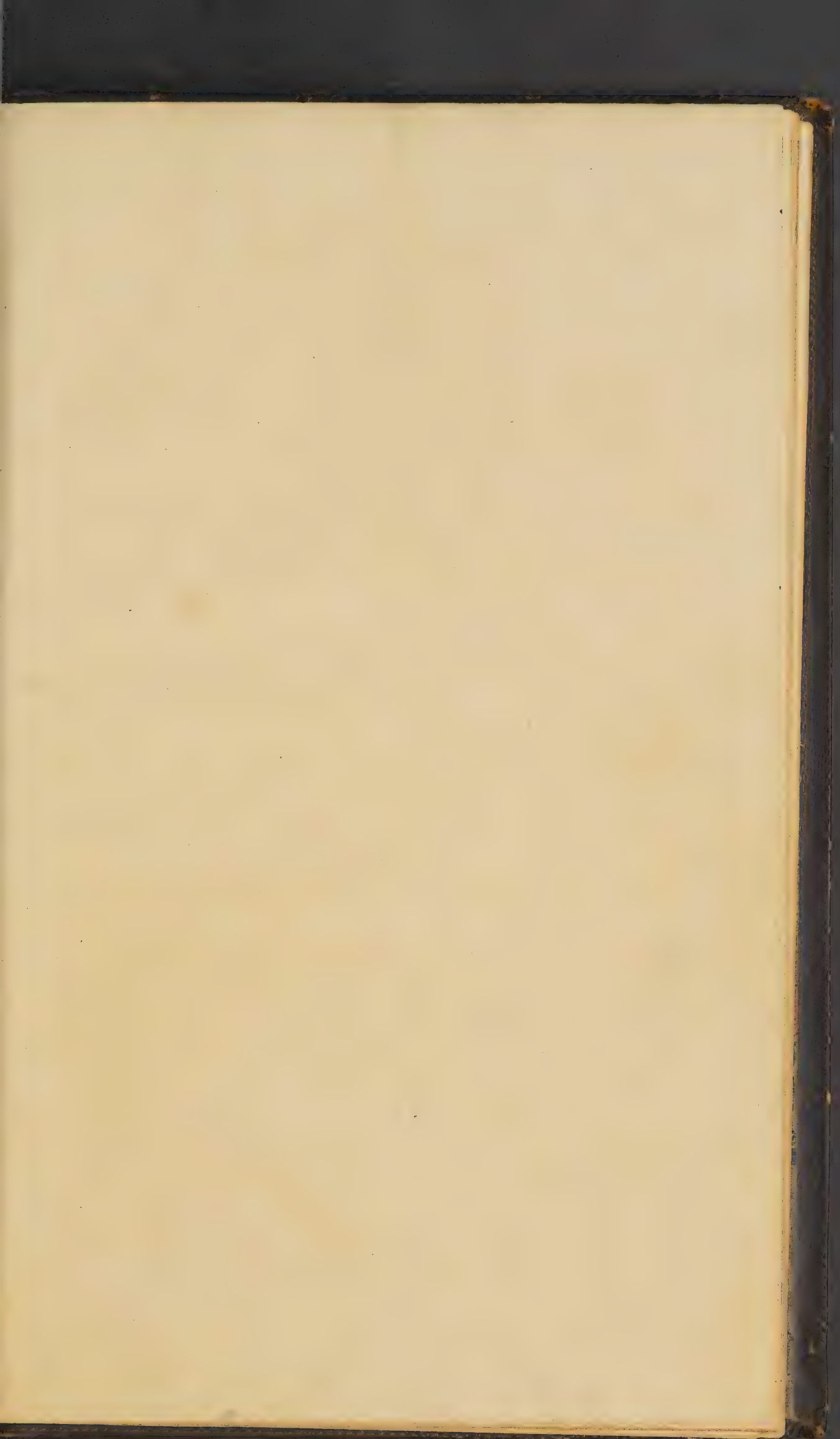
K'ONGO.

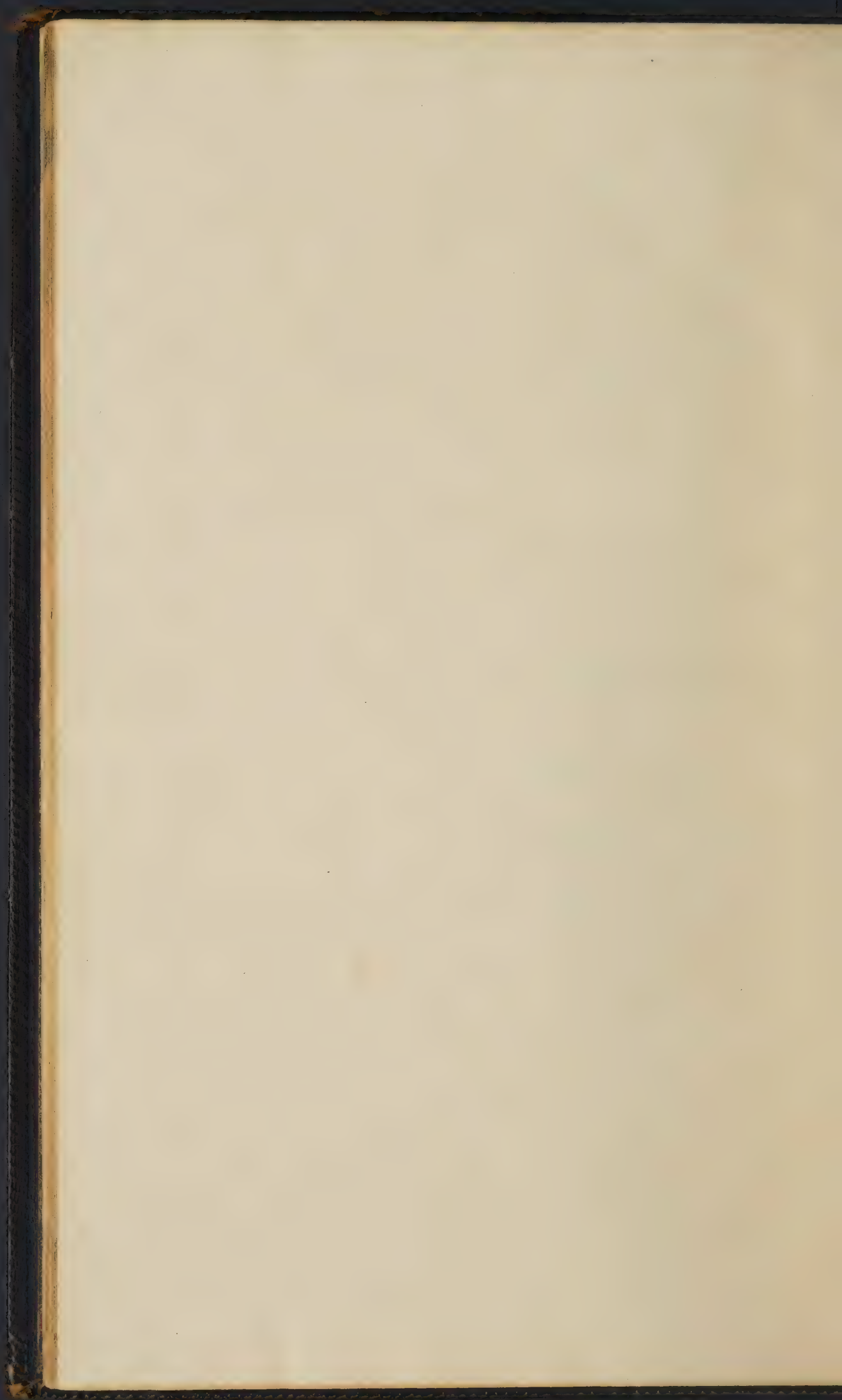
This is a notable and truly marvellous idea, well worthy to be written in letters of blue chalk.

‘PISCOPO.

THE END.











Paul G. Hearn



way  
2.32

Gen. Peabody

808

.027

H1937

1837

C.1

H275220  
18362



